

his Bible, push back his chair and drop to his knees.

After reading a chapter aloud while the rest of the family knelt before their unfinished breakfasts of cooling coffee and buckwheat cakes, all heads bowed as the gaunt one started his morning prayer.

In the silence of the morning, broken only by the falling of a thimble, then a spool, then the shears as the restless young son, kneeling near the window, flicked them from the window-sill one by one, the praying voice continued.

A beautiful prayer in well-chosen words and phrases thanking God for His generous provision and for His care of the family and friends then the climax as he beseeched The Father to protect and inspire each neighbor to live his best and to help spread the gospel of Jesus Christ through his daily dealings proving his desire to help advance the spirit of The Brotherhood of Man.

Maligned by the thrifty but beloved and missed by the multitude of appreciative understanding fortunate friends who recall with a smile his ready wit, his tenderness toward animals and his quaint unduplicated sayings.

THE END

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For publication (I hope.)
Yours truly
Eleanor Pritchard